

LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.
CREDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
TRENTON, HENDERSON, & OSBORNE
One street between Third and Fourth.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1864.

We are Pleased—The cotton blockade is on our first page deserves attention. It is written by an old and respected citizen, who takes a very hopeful view of the future which will be speedily restored after the rebel States lay down their arms and submit to the constitutional authority of the Government.

THE The letter from the Greer Opera Company arrives by express—published on our front page this morning. We feel confident that the artist engaged are of the highest order of talent, for the Eastern papers are won in their conundrums.

A Nashville correspondent of the New York Times, Mr. Benjamin C. Truman, says it is believed in official circles in Tennessee that General Gillem has been the victim of jealousy on the part of other general officers at Knoxville. According to information received by General Thomas and Governor Johnson, it appears that Gillem, after securing beyond a doubt that he was being pressed by three brigades, commenced falling back with his little command of three regiments, and at the same time called upon two brigades at Knoxville not only for reinforcements, but food, for his brave men, who had been for three days without rations of any kind, except fresh meat. He kept falling back in good order, all the while crying for help, but no assistance came to him until his routed army arrived at Strawberry Plains. Here he was met by three hundred men of the 6th Michigan cavalry, who had left Knoxville on the morning of the 1st instant, after the battle that had been called for. Mr. Truman says he was sent letters addressed to Gov. Johnson and General Gilligan, and according to all accounts, Gen. Truman's department during the dreadful confusion of his troops was grand in the extreme, and it is asserted that the disaster might have been averted, but for the absence of harmony among the officers about Knoxville. Col. Brownlow writes that Gen. Gillem, regardless of danger, acted as few general officers could act under the circumstances, and his gallant endeavor to stay the rout, he says, were unexampled. On the 17th Generals Aman, Ellison, and Gillian seem to have acted in concert, and drove the rebels from Strawberry Plains. This letter to the New York Times is written under Mr. Truman's proper signature, and as he names the official sources from whence he derived his information, there is an urgent necessity for a very thorough investigation of the facts.

General Gillem's victory over the rebels at Knoxville, also the fall of No. 1000, made his headquarters at Louisville, and here one hundred miles east from Knoxville, and here the 6th Michigan and 12th Ohio cavalry regiments were detached from the command, and joined to the rear. The rebels were soon heavily reinforced by Breckinridge's orders, so that Gillem took the precautionary step of falling back toward Bull Run, the enemy's advance skirmishing all the way. On the 11th, an immense force assailed the works at the Gap to take them by storm, but was repulsed. The next day efforts were made to get on Gillem's banks and to cut him off from his base; he therefore, in view of the great disparity of numbers, gave orders to retreat as rapidly as safety and discipline would permit, expecting all the time to meet reinforcements from Knoxville, which he had sent for on the 10th. On the night of the 13th his forces retreated on the 14th, and the 15th the 6th Michigan and 12th Tennessee cavalry, and Lieutenant Patterson's battery of six Parrott guns, encamped at Panther Creek, near New Market, forty-two miles from Knoxville, awaiting the expected relief. During the night he had placed the 8th Tennessee, Colonel Patton, to watch the enemy's movements, and his command, and his leader's suffering family, the brave men and their hardy musketeers and their wives, had been scattered to the people of America—shattered, the home of the sage, the orator, the statesman, Henry Clay. As we gazed upon the broad, rich lands a reverent feeling stole over us, and the mind was busy with thoughts of the past. This, then, was the home of Henry Clay, whose eloquence fired a great people, and swayed the destinies of a nation. Here was the scene where he had spent the more quiet scenes of his life, and gathered around him objects and forms of love. The drive leading up to the house was I throughately evergreen, which half sheltered the manse itself. The old house has disappeared, but the site where it stood is now a high cliff of modern structures, impeding, but robbing the premises of the shade and quiet beauty that should belong to them. With a half-formed regret that the old house had been so much marred, we passed on, and soon were lost in the beauties of the broad woodland. The branches of the stately trees were bare, and the brown leaves rustled beneath our feet, as merrily as the Autumn breeze. The woods were full of sadness, although the sun shone brightly, and the plumage of birds was made brilliant in the fulness of the day. The spirit of Henry Clay seemed to dwell with the grand old shades, and wept for the desolation of this fair country. Slowly we wandered, and as we looked around we rejoiced that if they should fall, a generous Government will not let their wife and children suffer in poverty. Cloud Kilkenny, by his action in the cause, has proved himself to be a kind and humane officer, and the friend of the common soldier. Let the Government exhibit the same generous spirit, and songs of praise and thanks will swell from my heart now bowed in mortal hopeless sorrow.

THE WILDER & MORRIS.—A letter to a New York paper details a terrible tragedy which occurred in Northern Georgia, at a small place called Ellijah, sixty miles north of Chattanooga. A short time after the occupation of that section by the rebels, the 13th Indiana, one hundred and twenty-five men, deserted from the ranks of the 12th and 15th Tennessee cavalry, and Lieutenant Patterson's battery of six Parrott guns, encamped at Panther Creek, near New Market, forty-two miles from Knoxville, awaiting the expected relief. During the night he had placed the 8th Tennessee, Colonel Patton, to watch the enemy's movements, and his command, and his leader's suffering family, the brave men and their hardy musketeers and their wives, had been scattered to the people of America—shattered, the home of the sage, the orator, the statesman, Henry Clay. As we gazed upon the broad, rich lands a reverent feeling stole over us, and the mind was busy with thoughts of the past. This, then, was the home of Henry Clay, whose eloquence fired a great people, and swayed the destinies of a nation. Here was the scene where he had spent the more quiet scenes of his life, and gathered around him objects and forms of love. The drive leading up to the house was I throughately evergreen, which half sheltered the manse itself. The old house has disappeared, but the site where it stood is now a high cliff of modern structures, impeding, but robbing the premises of the shade and quiet beauty that should belong to them. With a half-formed regret that the old house had been so much marred, we passed on, and soon were lost in the beauties of the broad woodland. The branches of the stately trees were bare, and the brown leaves rustled beneath our feet, as merrily as the Autumn breeze. The woods were full of sadness, although the sun shone brightly, and the plumage of birds was made brilliant in the fulness of the day. The spirit of Henry Clay seemed to dwell with the grand old shades, and wept for the desolation of this fair country. Slowly we wandered, and as we looked around we rejoiced that if they should fall, a generous Government will not let their wife and children suffer in poverty. Cloud Kilkenny, by his action in the cause, has proved himself to be a kind and humane officer, and the friend of the common soldier. Let the Government exhibit the same generous spirit, and songs of praise and thanks will swell from my heart now bowed in mortal hopeless sorrow.

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LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.

(For the Louisville Sunday Journal.)

A FLORAL ROMANCE.

BY ANNIE CALICE COLE.

Our first meeting in Love's romantic bower,
How pure was blushing fair beauty,
How's a fair maiden, how own her! Chelten;
And clutching a dew-dropping rose, he envied me.
Auntie! the dark roses which shaded her brow;
And me, with sweet wonderment drawing her eye.
This accomplished, Adieu! I fall upon the
Task of providing, Georgia militia comes along.
King George can no longer stand, stand every
One, love, pitthe me, what is this arms?
That over my soul is so quickly steal'd?
It seems like the breath of a chamberlain's arm,
Or like the hand of a king from the Orient land.
"What? that," spoke the young man, "is such a noise?"
Who pines in the east of that bright-blooming glow?
Una is my soul spirit, sweetest pet of my bosom,
Now sinks a poor captive in thy gentle power.
"Perfume is the name of thy frail-fettered faire,
'Tis written in Elfrand's quaint annals, so old,
How's a wild, ev'ning, zealous discover,
Wanderer, who loves the flowers of beauty unda.
The bairn, in a soft cradle, and rocked by a
lullaby.
Now comes the bairn of his bairn before me,
And speaks the bairn of the bairn, and the grandchild.
Was child of a wild, wanton bairn, who whooshed
And toyed with a fair in Sprin's exord and ear.
Till all sank beneath the sun of her purr'd exord.
And fain'd in sweet, silent sorrow ever.
Committing to a man her purest offering,
And she, a scullie queen of men, gards, and eyes,
Received the wae wif to her cherishing bosom.
With tend'rous caress and whispers of love.
All this gave her repose, and anxiety's alane.
He called the Wind-wind, who could not find him,
Came down from their haunts on the sun-girded mount.
And with the sweet sunbeam he speeded each bairn,
With wreaths nicely plucked from the flowing laver.

And thus while dreamings of joyes and dreams
Twist into the air of sweetest bairns.
Thee fed him, o'er few days, and the moon's purples
leaves.

NOW ALBANY, Oct. 14, 1864.

SIR:—Your Envoy—The Army and
Navy Journal says, Jefferson Davis has handed
his message to the Confederate Congress, and
his Secretaries have followed with their reports.
It once seemed very anxious to talk about a
Confederate President, Cabinet, and "Permanent
Congress," and especially ridiculous in that
that musketeers Government to gravely discuss
such plans as in their nature required several
years for development. And, indeed, the inves-
tigators themselves at first made many awkward
efforts at unconsciousness in discussing dis-
cerning "this nation" and "this country," as
the "old Union." This has accustomed us all,
North and South, to the new nomenclature, and
even the most laughable of jokes, the provi-
sion in the Southern constitution for a six years'
President term appears not so whimsical,
after all. Now, by the other extreme,
several men in who govern the confederacy
shall confer an actual right to give up ante-
cipated or shall establish, at least in form, a
sort of title by prescription and long usage.
But a boldly thin part to establish this
last-named illusion, Mr. Davis and his Secretaries
conflict their Government decently in
order, and construct dignified and elaborate
messages and reports with perfect regularity.
The present batch of literary compositions
shows care in the de votio, and that customary
adventure of sophistry and logic which is the
besties life for European markets. In Europe,
most people know just enough of affairs in this
country to credit more easily a skilful impostor
than the simple truth. Davis and his War Sec-
retary try to elude uninterrupted success out
of the campaign. That is pardons, perhaps.
Yet at this moment the Confederacy is in per-
il of being cut in twain; and that astounding
speech of Mr. Davis to the good people of McDon-
ough may prove the last nail in the coffin of
the Southern cause. We have no more
doubt than we have of our own convictions
that the Southern cause is a gentle-
man whose position would seem to be some-
thing of a screw, so far as variety and re-
sponsibility over large sum held for disburse-
ment will go through. It is true one of the
rumors of the day lately represented that a
Confederate treasury clerk came North with
large sums of Government funds; so that it is
an amazing regulation which was the less
trifling item, the less of the Treasury or the
gain of the thief in the peculation of a few
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Confederate debt to be not discouraging at all,
in truth, its size probably does not weigh heavily
upon the authorities who have access to its
liquidate. The figures, perhaps, will have
been less graft, but brilliant victory of Cedar
Creek.

Now again, Early has assumed the
offensive, and thwarts our eastern designs
with a few bold strokes, and now, to our
surprise, in who governs the confederacy
shall confer an actual right to give up ante-
cipated or shall establish, at least in form, a
sort of title by prescription and long usage.

But a boldy thin part to establish this
last-named illusion, Mr. Davis and his Secretaries
conflict their Government decently in
order, and construct dignified and elaborate
messages and reports with perfect regularity.

The present batch of literary compositions
shows care in the de votio, and that customary
adventure of sophistry and logic which is the
besties life for European markets. In Europe,

most people know just enough of affairs in this

country to credit more easily a skilful impostor
than the simple truth. Davis and his War Sec-
retary try to elude uninterrupted success out
of the campaign. That is pardons, perhaps.

Yet at this moment the Confederacy is in per-

il of being cut in twain; and that astounding
speech of Mr. Davis to the good people of McDon-

ough may prove the last nail in the coffin of

the Southern cause. We have no more

doubt than we have of our own convictions

that the Southern cause is a gentle-
man whose position would seem to be some-
thing of a screw, so far as variety and re-

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rumors of the day lately represented that a

Confederate treasury clerk came North with

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